

| Time Table. | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|--|
| L. & S. DIVISION. | | |
| TRAINS RUNNING NORTH. | | |
| No. 304, passenger | 4:47 a. m. | |
| " 312, local | 8:30 " | |
| " 302, passenger | 3:38 p. m. | |
| TRAINS RUNNING SOUTH. | | |
| No. 301, passenger | 12:30 p. m. | |
| " 311, local | 5:00 " | |
| " 303, passenger | 9:40 " | |
| ST. L. & E. DIVISION. | | |
| No. 343 mixed, leaves | 6:45 a. m. | |
| " 344 " arrives | 3:25 p. m. | |
| E. K. CARNES, Agent. | | |

BATES COUNTY
National Bank.
 (Organized in 1871.)
 OF BUTLER, MO.

Capital paid in, - - \$75,000.
 Surplus - - - \$21,000

F. I. TYGARD, - - - President.
 HON. J. B. MEWBERRY Vice-Pres.
 J. C. CLARK - - - Cashier

W. E. TUCKER,
DENTIST,
 BUTLER, - MISSOURI.
 Office, Southwest Corner Square, over Aaron Hart's Store.

Lawyers.

W. O. JACKSON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Butler, Mo. Office, South Side Square, over Badgley Bros., Store.

TILDEN H. SMITH,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW.
 Butler, Mo.
 Will practice in all the courts. Special attention given to collections and litigated claims.

CALVIN F. BOXLEY,
 Prosecuting Attorney.
CALVIN F. BOXLEY,
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
 Butler, Mo.
 Will practice in all the courts.

PARKINSON & GRAVES,
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
 Office West Side Square, over Lansdown's Drug Store.

PAGE & DENTON,
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 Office North Side Square, over A. L. McBride's Store, Butler, Mo.

Physicians.

J. R. BOYD, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 OFFICE—East Side Square, over Max Weiner's,
 19-17 BUTLER, MO.

DR. J. M. CHRISTY,
HOMOEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Office, front room over P. O. All calls answered at office day or night.
 Special attention given to female diseases.

T. C. BOULWARE, Physician and Surgeon. Office north side square, Butler, Mo. Diseases of women and children a specialty.

J. T. WALLS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
 Office, Southwest Corner Square, over Aaron Hart's Store. Residence on Savannah street north of Pine.

Missouri Pacific R'y.

2 Daily Trains

TO
KANSAS CITY and OMAHA,

5 Daily Trains, 5
Kansas City to St. Louis,

THE
COLORADO SHORT LINE
 TO
PUEBLO AND DENVER.
PULLMAN BUFFETT SLEEPING CARS
 Kansas City to Denver without change
H. C. TOWNSEND.
 General Passenger and Ticket Ag't,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOT CREDIBLE, BUT TRUE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

What I have to say is not fiction, but fact. The heroine of my "strange story,"—and no less true than strange—died many years ago. Most of her generation have followed her to the land the inhabitants of which may or may not revisit ours in visible guise. The Lord of the quick and the dead alone knows how this may be. There is no reason why I should not put into print what many of contemporaries heard from her own lips, not only at the date of the mysterious occurrence that shadowed her life, but when a half century had softened the grisly outlines of the horror, and she could contemplate it in perspective, almost in calmness, although never without awe.

I, Nancy Barksdale, who writes this, was a girl of eighteen when, at the close of a May day fifty years ago, my father's carriage set me down at the door of my dear friend, Augusta Deane, in Cartersville, Va. Cartersville was then—and may be now—an uninteresting village, straggling leisurely along the banks of the James River, to which it owed its being and continued life. We pitied Augusta Eliet, the belle of two Richmond seasons, not because she had married Frank Deane, a promising young lawyer, but for having to live in the muddy, tame little town. The wedding had taken place in September, and this was my first visit to her new abode.

It was a small white cottage, set back about twenty yards from the street, which differed in nothing from a country highway, except that there was more houses on and near it. I had just time to observe that the Deanes' cottage was a story and a half high, with dormer windows in the roof; that it was neat and newly-painted; that the wicket gate in the front palings was over-arched by a bower of honeysuckle, and the front porch overrun with a multiflora rose tree, now in affluent bloom—when Augusta ran out through the open door and down the gravel-walk to the carriage.

She was a trifle thinner than when I had last seen her, but animated and joyous, with vivacity that did not abate while she attended me to her own chamber on the first floor, pouring out salutations, queries and interjections in her old frank, impetuous way.

"You must stay in here with me until Frank comes home," she said, helping me to lay aside my travel in garb. "He went to Richmond day before yesterday, and may not get back before Saturday."

"Your first separation—isn't it?"

I asked, struck with something not quite natural in her manner.

"Yes. He was obliged to go on business," adding the last word as if it might be an afterthought.

While she spoke she was arranging some clothing hung in a press to make room for what I had laid off. Her hands wavered and she kept her face turned from me.

With the slight touch of superiority or scorn of a fancy-free-as-yet maid for the sentimental feelings of "young married folks," I feigned to overlook her emotion. She might pine at heart for her absent mate, but she did me the justice to be sincerely delighted at my coming. I would content myself with that for the present, and tolerate a weakness peculiar to her position; so I made talk of city matters, and the journey taking pains not to ask a question, until presently she showed me a sunny face, that was the prettier and sweeter for the mist, which was not quite dew, lingering on her eye-lashes. We supped and sat out on the porch until bed time, watching the moon rise, and mount—the crystal-white light driving back the shadows from the wet grass and ribbon-like graveled paths winding away into the shrubbery; enjoying the scent-freighted air throbbing and cooling before the river breeze, and talking, talking, as only two girls who have been bosom friends from infancy can talk after nearly six months' separation. Augusta bore her part gallantly, and I quite forgot the passing cloud that had dimmed her eyes and shaken her voice.

When we were ready for bed the cloud returned and broke. I saw her kneeling form tremble from head

--: R. R. DEACON :--
--DEALER IN--
HARDWARE AND IMPLEMENTS
--CUTLERY AND GUNS--
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TOP BUGGIES

ROUND OAK STOVES
--The Best in the World--
BUCKEYE FORCE PUMPS.
Gas Pipe Fitting and Pump Repairing.

to foot while she was saying her prayers, and heard a stifled sob. Arising with averted face, she went to a bureau on the far side of the room, took a miniature from a drawer, kissed it twice and furtively slipped it under her pillow. When we had lain down and the light was out, I knew, gentle and gradual as was the movement, that she drew the picture from its hiding place and pressed to her bosom. Passing my hand caressingly over her cheek, I felt that it was wet.

"Augusta," I said softly, "cannot I comfort you? What is it, my poor dear? Surely you are not grieving over a sorrow that will be cured so soon as Mr. Deane's absence?"

She clung to me in a wild storm of tears. She was but twenty, and had not had a secret from me in ten years; so I got this one.

Law business, imperative, and not to be deferred, he said, called Frank to Richmond. With all her sweetness of temper, his wife had been a spoiled child in her father's house and her husband had never crossed her. She especially desired that he should be at home while I was there and could not be convinced that the matter in hand could not be transacted as well by correspondence as in person. From pleading she passed to remonstrance, then to indignant protest. The result was that reef of horrors to the newly-wedded, the first quarrel. Frank told her that she was unreasonable and childish, and asked her how she expected him to make a living for herself and him if she kept him tied to her apron string.

"And I called him unfeeling and cruel and—brutal!" confessed the penitent, between her sobs. "I have cried myself to sleep two nights over it. If I could see him for one minute—long enough to beg his pardon—I could let him go for six months, if necessary. If you could have seen his face when I said that last wicked word! He turned as white as death and bit his lips hard to keep back the bitter answer I deserved. How could I do it? How could I do it?"

It did seem inexcusable to me—a slightly priggish damsel with a well formulated creed of wifely duty and deportment—but I lectured her mildly in consideration of her genuine distress.

"He has a generous heart," I concluded. "He will not bear a grudge, you may be sure, and his very soul is bound up in you."

The neatly-cut plaster did not draw the lips of the wound together. Indeed, it bled afresh.

"He never said an unkind word to me in his life, my suffering, patient, ill-used angel! And I wouldn't walk down to the boat with him, although he was longing to ask me to do it. I didn't even go with him to the door, and when he kissed me good-bye, I just let him do it and stood like a dumb block while he walked out of the house—oh Nancy!

so slowly and unwillingly! It wasn't a bid like his step! I didn't stir to go to the window, where I had always stood every morning, to kiss my hand to him when he went down to the office. But I watched him from away back in the room where he couldn't see me, and saw him go down the path and stop under the honeysuckle at the gate and look back at the window. When he didn't see me his face turned absolutely dark—the most awful thing! and he rushed down the street with never a glance behind him. That was our first parting! We parted under a thunder-cloud, Nancy! I have lived in the heart of it ever since. If you had not come I think I must have gone crazy thinking and living it all over!"

My sympathy quieted her, some what, I hope, but I am afraid the battered platitudes of which, as is the case of most younglings of inexperience, I had great store, wrought more soporifically. Pausing for breath and a reply, at length I discovered that she was asleep.

Chilled and chagrined, I laid her from my arms upon her own pillow. Something slid from her lax hand. It was her husband's miniature, glass and setting, warmed by her passionate holding. I thrust it impatiently under her pillow. The cut was not dangerous, I reflected, with judicial fatuousness, when the patient could slumber under the surgeon's hand.

I was aroused in the morning by a shower of kisses upon my lips and eyelids. In the slow awakening from the slumbers of health and youth, I dreamed that I was walking through a vista honeysuckles that bobbed dewily against my face, and opened laughing eyes on Augusta's countenance. She wore a white gown, bound at the waist with a blue sash—Frank's favorite color: the honeysuckles were in her belt; the breath and fragrance and refreshment of the May morning were about and in her. I had overslept myself a matter of two hours, and breakfast was ready. Augusta sat at the open window and chatted while I dressed.

"I am quite another creature to day," she said blithely. "You have wrought a wonderful cure upon me, Dr. Nancy! I am going to follow your prescriptions; put useless regrets behind me, and behave like a rational Christian in the future. I have been thinking too, over the possibilities of Frank's getting back on Friday instead of Saturday. I feel almost sure that he will be here to-morrow. This is Thursday you know. I can imagine how he will thank you when he hears what good advice you gave me."

Could I remind her that she had dropped asleep before I had reached the application of my homily? She was still chatting, when, fully dressed I joined her at the window, and put my arm about her. A white jasmine tacked along the window-

frame, cast graceful streamers from one side to the other. Smiling happily and roguishly Augusta pulled down a spray bearing as many five-pointed flowers as leaves, coiled it rapidly into a wreath, and laid it on my head.

"And you shall wear a starry crown!" she chanted gayly.

I think the gate-latch clicked. I know we both looked out at the same instant.

Frank Deane was just entering the yard.

Have I said that he was handsome? I had always thought so, but never believed he could be so royally beautiful as now, framed in the honeysuckle arch of the little gate-way. His face was alight with happiness and love; his eyes eagerly sought the window, and, as a low exclamation of rapture escaped the figure beside me, he smiled, tossed his hand into the air in glad greeting, and bounded quickly up the walk. Augusta flew into the hall to meet him. I, left alone for a moment, saw him, I solemnly aver, as he set his foot upon the lower step of the porch, the flash of the May sunshine upon his blond head, uncovered in knightly reverence before his wife.

Then a wild shriek of terrified anguish rang through every corner of the cottage. I reached Augusta's side as she reeled back fainting. My arms—not her husband's—received her. The porch was vacant; so was the path and the trellised gate-way. The radiant presence that had glorified all three an instant before, had passed into thin air when the wife sought to grasp it.

Frank Deane, as a few old Virginians still living will remember, died suddenly—it was said of heart disease—in Richmond, at the very hour and minute in which we believe we saw him come in at the wicket-gate.

Perhaps the Society of Physical Research may announce the existence and define the operation of law of mental influence which enabled the released spirit to project a *simulacrum* of his physical presence upon the imagination of her who loved him passionately, and longed inexpressibly for the assurance of his forgiving love.

"God let him come and lift the cloud," the widow said to her dying day.

His love was so mighty that he made her believe that she beheld him with her bodily eyes, say psychical savans, reverent in faith in what the cannot explain.

But what, then, was it I saw?

BEN AND MARY OUTWITTED.

A Joke that Ticked an Indiana Farmer Almost to Death.

One day I was riding along a highway in Indiana when I came upon a pile of bedding and articles of crockery and hardware in front of a farm house, and seated on the horse-block was a corpulent old man with a very red face. Naturally enough I asked him what had happened, and he went off into laughter which lasted a minute before he could reply.

"Them duds belong to Ben and Mary."

"But who are Ben and Mary?"

"Ben's my—my—ha!—ha!—ha! I've luffed till I'm almost dead. Ben's my son and Mary is his ha!—ha!—wife."

"But who tumbled these things out here?"

"I did."

"But where are Ben and Mary?"

"She's gone home and he's broke for the woods. Stranger, excuse me, but I'd have to laff if there was a corpse in the house. It's too durned funny for anything—ha!—ha!—ha!"

And he yelled and whooped until he could have been heard half a mile. When he sobered up a little I asked:

"Is there a joke in this somewhere?"

"Is there? Whoop! I should say there was! Go in the house and you'll find the old woman nigh dead with laffin."

"Well, what is it?"

"You see, Ben got married about three months ago. Purty good boy, but inclined to be tricky. He married a purty fair girl, but dreadfully ambitious. They cum home to

live and about about a month ago wanted me'n the old woman to deed over the farm to them and be taken keer of the rest of our lives. We didn't like the idea, but they hung to it, and so last week I made out a deed and handed it over. It wasn't a deed describin' this farm, but some other farm, though it looked all regular nuff."

"You doubted their faith, eh?"

"I kinder did, and so—ha! ha! ha! Say, stranger, don't think hard of me, but I've got to laff or bust. Just tickles me way back to my shoulder blade!"

He went off into another fit, and when he got his breath he continued:

"This mornin' was the sixth day since they got the deed. As soon as breakfast was over Ben said they'd git along without our valued company, and suggested that as it was nine miles to the poor house we make an early start. He intended to turn us smack out doors without a dollar, but he got left. I told him he'd better look into the deed a bit, and he went to town and discovered the trick I had played. You orter seen them two when they come back! Why, why—"

And he laughed again until I had to pat him on the back to prevent a catastrophe.

"They were the humblest, down-troddenest, used-upest, gone-to-pieces pair you ever sot eyes on. Ben got a plug of terbacker and a horse pistol and left fur the woods, and Mary tied a wet towel around her head and hoofed it fur her father's house. I've brought out their duds and piled 'em up here, and if they don't send fur 'em before noon they kin go to the dogs."

"Well, they deserve it."

"Yes, they do; but it was a narrer escape for me. If that deed had been all right me'n the old woman would be paupers to-day. But it wasn't all right, and—"

And I had driven at least half a mile before I lost the sound of his laughter.

Norman J. Colman for Governor.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7.—Norman J. Colman will shortly be announced formally as a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor. A leading democratic official of Missouri said to-day: "We think Colman is the man to restore the old-time democratic majority, and we are going to push him. He is very strong with the farmers. His success as commissioner and secretary of agriculture, added to his lifetime devotion to agricultural interests, makes him the most available man for us to nominate. The only objection that can be raised is the fact that he is a St. Louis man, and that St. Louis has just had two governors. That, we think, can be overcome by Col. Colman's strength with the farmers and his evident availability. Of course Hatch and Bland and Dockery have their friends, but we think they will conclude to remain in congress, where they can stay as long as they like. There does not at present seem to be any reason to doubt that Col. Colman will be our next nominee."

"Is he agreeable to the proposition?"

"Yes; he is in the hands of his friends."

Gen. Rosecrans, who still retains his place under the Harrison administration as register of the treasury, and who is also on the retired list of the army, with the rank of brigadier general, has for his right-hand man in the office Col. L. W. Reed of Alexandria, Va., says the New York Tribune. Col. Reed fought on the confederate side during the war and lost a leg, and is compelled to hobble around on crutches. Col. Reed belonged to a West Virginia cavalry brigade, and for a time was with McClelland's command. He worked his way up to the rank of colonel. He was appointed chief man to the register of the treasury shortly after Cleveland's inauguration, and brought the influence of Senator Barbour. The friendship existing between "Old Rosey" and the Virginia colonel is very great. After office hours they can be seen together almost any day walking down the avenue.

Gambling is not a productive business. It consumes time and exchanges pockets.